

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXV

CHICAGO, JULY 17, 1890.

NUMBER 24

UNITY.

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CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS,
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Weekly: \$1.00 per year.—Single copy 5 cents.

Advertising, 7 cents per line; business notices, 14 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through Lord & Thomas, advertising agents, Chicago and New York.

Readers of *UNITY* are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

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Ten Weeks, Ten Cents.—*UNITY* will be sent to any address not now on our list ten weeks for ten cents. Subscribers are requested to show this offer to their friends. Postoffice mission workers may order as many extra copies as they can use at this rate.

Editorial.

LESLIE STEPHEN thinks it will be difficult to replace Tennyson as poet laureate. He adds, in satiric vein, that if England should happen to be without a poet laureate for a few days it would probably get ready for catastrophe and chaos.

In the moral, as well as the material career of man, death accompanies life at every step, failure goes hand in hand with success and points the way. The progress of society, as of the individual, lies along the path of its corrected mistakes. Always there is a new beginning to be made.

THE writer of the article on "Mr. Snyder and Dr. Abbot," in our last issue, desires us to say that she did not intend to state that Mr. Snyder said the ethical passion was a safer guide than the ethical idea, but made the statement as her own belief, as opposed to Dr. Abbot's claim to the contrary; the writer holding that the thought and deed are too closely related for one to exist without the other.

WE again call special attention of our readers to the notice of the Sunday-school Institute and Summer Assembly at Hillside, Wis., Aug. 13-27, in our Announcement Column. This is one more of the small beginnings which it has been *UNITY*'s mission to foster into life, and we hope as many

of our workers as can command this rest in labor, this change of scene for mental recreation, will take a hand in it and help it along.

T. W. HIGGINSON was recently interviewed, in company with a number of prominent literary people, on the subject of his religious opinions, and defined his belief as essentially that of radical Unitarianism; but he was careful to add that he made no claim to the title of "Christian." The controversy through which we are passing over the correct use of that term is an old one, clearly understood by the members of that pioneer body of radical thinkers, the Free Religious Association, of which Col. Higginson has from the beginning been an active member.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us some notes concerning the commencement exercises at Earlham College, a Quaker Institution located near Richmond, Indiana. This college seems tolerably sound in its orthodoxy. The principal of the theological department declared that the Quakers believed "all that lies between the lids of the Bible, and that this was the only word of God." He complained of the Unitarians as "being too esthetic because they could not bear the smell of blood." Their thought was "bone without meat." The theme of one of the young lady graduates was "Unitarianism in America," which, she said, was "coiling its deadly fangs around the great men of our country, such as E. E. Hale and others, and in years to come would cause the downfall of the American government." Still, even here, our correspondent noticed a volume of Emerson lying on one of the Professor's tables.

THE editor of the *Unitarian Review*, speaking of the list of Unitarian anniversaries in this country and in England, lately closed, says that the ideas set forth in Mr. Gannett's sermon at the Western Conference, on "The Higher Unitarianism," have been "familiar doctrines in the East for years." Prof. Allen is an authority on these matters, acknowledged and honored by conservative and radical alike; yet there are some representatives of our faith, both east and west, who would, we believe, make honest dissent from this. It is true, however, that there is less difference among us, in the abstract statement of the views we hold on the questions of belief and fellowship, than in the method of their application. *Apropos* of the latter, the same writer says that "any 'policy,' eastern or western, which divides good men instead of uniting them, shows some essential wrongness, or unfitness to the times."

REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK writes a spirited letter to the *Unitarian Review* in reply to some criticisms of Rev. John Tunis on his characterizations of the Pauline gospel and its relation to liberal thought. To the complaint of Mr. Tunis that opinions like Mr. Chadwick's tend to "sharply repel the average orthodox reader," the latter responds that he has little doubt they do, but that he himself is only concerned to summon his Unitarian brethren "to a more absolute sincerity" in these matters. He then shows that Paul's teachings on natural depravity are at entire variance with the

views of all rational religionists, and have long been so recognized, even by conservative thinkers like Martineau. To another accusation of his critic, that Unitarians bring reproach on their cause by their irreverent treatment of certain personages in the Old Testament, Mr. Chadwick replies in a way that shows that he has nothing to conceal in his own views of the moral character of a man like David, who was "without morals and without religion, an unscrupulous bandit, both treacherous and lecherous, of exceptional cruelty in a cruel time, a master of the doubtful art of profiting by every crime while not committing any." Mr. Chadwick does not find it necessary to his appreciation of the Psalms to admire and believe in their reputed author. "To discriminate the Psalms and to prefer their aspirations to their maledictions is not to make less of them."

A CORRESPONDENT noticing that "Emerson pities Harriet Martineau," and that the "Western Unitarians pity the Agnostics," and being unable to see the difference between the position of Emerson and Carlyle and that of Felix Adler and Mr. Salter, appeals to *UNITY* for help. All these strike common ground in making the essentials of religion the things of conduct and spirit, not of doctrine and thought. All agree that co-operation in the things that make for duty and reverence are possible among those who differ in their ideas of God and the immortal life. Thus far they agree; but Emerson, Carlyle and the great majority of Unitarians are not silent concerning the infinite side of things. They rejoice in the thought of God, and rest in the hope of immortality. These thoughts, with the attendant literature and history connected with the words Bible, Christ and Christianity, are near and precious to them. As convictions they are too precious to be used as measuring strings of the spirit, or limitations of fellowship. The thought of man, his kingdom, and the loving fellowship which that implies, includes to them the thought of God; and they who fail to reach the thought, may still be counted members of the Holy Church of Righteousness, of the communion of truth-seekers, the fraternity of love. If this is not the kingdom of God, then God is but an empty name.

THE *Unitarian* for July speaks of several meetings of liberal independents, Universalist and Unitarian ministers, being held in Chicago recently for "consultation over the question of forming some kind of organization, with the aim in view of drawing the liberal Christian churches and ministers of the country into closer affiliation and more practical co-operation." It would seem that only a limited number of the Unitarian ministers of this vicinity were considered liberal enough even to be invited to the consultation, and certain independent ministers were not broad enough to be admitted into this alliance because they believed in the possibility of a non-doctrinal and undogmatic church. Revs. Sunderland, Snyder, Utter and Milsted seemed to represent all the Unitarian forces at these meetings noticed by our informant. There were five or six other Unitarian ministers in and around Chicago, who believe

in "closer affiliation and more practical co-operation," but because they also believe in an undoctrinal basis of religious organization, and presumably would not consent to anything narrower, they were not wanted in this "Alliance," which advisedly left the word "liberal" out of its title. A "Christian Alliance" that ignores on the one hand the great hosts of evangelical and Catholic Christianity, and carefully avoids, on the other, all heretical Christianity beyond a certain line, has left for itself a very narrow strip, a "shoestring district" in Christendom, to occupy. Within that narrow strip there are to be found earnest men and women, and if they can join hands without slipping off either on the one or the other, they will do each other good; and while they do good, the rest of Christendom, and that broader kingdom of God which includes truth-seekers in Pagandom as well, will look on and admire. We are promised a congress or convention on the broad (!) basis of this new Alliance in the coming autumn or early winter.

THE most interesting recent event in theological circles is the incorporation of the University of Chicago, the gift, mainly, of John D. Rockefeller, and the election of a board of twenty-one trustees. The by-laws provide for the endowment and support of an institution thoroughly equipped in all departments, and for the establishment of preparatory schools in connection with the same. The university will be open to both sexes. The most significant clause is that which requires that two-thirds of the trustees shall be of the Baptist denomination, in recognition of the theological preferences of the founder and other prominent supporters of the new movement. Perhaps this was natural and to be expected, yet the time is rapidly coming when such conditions will be recognized as unnecessary, unwise, and unsafe. Another clause, looking to the continued identification of the university with the sect from which it springs, forbids the change or amendment of the charter at any future time altering the character of the Board. The by-laws also specify this as the only religious test to be used in the election of trustees, and the board, in its other members, seems a fairly representative one. D. L. Shorey is one of the trustees, and a member of the committee on organization.

Tendencies of Thought Inspired by Evolution.

The teachings of modern science show two tendencies of thought, giving rise in differently constituted minds to exactly opposite conclusions. The question of how we think is as important as what we think. Temperament, and all the accidental circumstances of birth and training have as much to do with the formation of the majority of men's creeds—religious, political and philosophical—as the inherent merits of the creeds themselves. The individual judgment we boast of using in such matters is obscured by a hundred contradictory traits, derived from the past, and indissolubly connected with our present life and surroundings. Tyndall tells us that "The analytical and synthetic tendencies of the human mind exhibit themselves

throughout history." On the one side we have the poets and philosophers, the prophets and seers, "men of lofty feelings with minds open to the elevating impressions produced by nature as a whole, whose satisfaction is ethical rather than logical." On the other hand we have the men of science, who seek the satisfaction of the understanding alone, unhelped and ungraced by any touch of the imagination.

This mental predisposition which, despite our best intention, judges everything in advance, is a tyrannous, but needful, force in the development of character. Though we may open the mind, in hospitable invitation, to the new thought of the day and divest ourselves of every known prejudice, this quality of a persistent selfhood, bent on testing and measuring everything for itself, will remain. This is not only inevitable, but right, for it is this persistent selfhood that gives to human character its wide range and variety, imparting not only its greatest charm, but a solid basis of self-reliance. The strongest and most attractive character is that which combines a wide range of taste and sympathy with an unfailing central purpose of its own; which, opening the windows of the soul on all sides, still keeps its own heart's demesne, its own convictions and plan of life. We gain the best results, both in mental growth and in our human relations, in proportion to our many-sidedness. A has two friends, B and C, both of whom she loves, and who return that love in full measure. B loves A because they are both suffragists, and belong to the Home Protection society; between them is the bond of practical usefulness. C loves A because they have read Emerson and Browning together. B and C have little in common, each wondering what A admires in the other; but A has two sides, the practical and the poetic, and attracts natures of opposite tendencies. To be just, perhaps B and C have their two sides also, the first counting D among her friends, and C adding E. Men and women seek that which they need in every human relation, and few natures are so small that, having bestowed the largess of affection in one direction, have not a remainder left for general consumption. The same principle holds good in our search for truth, and in the relation in which we stand to the master minds of the world. We read into books as much meaning as the printed words convey, not intentionally, nor always wisely, but unavoidably. Robert Collyer used to say that people went to the Bible not to find what they needed, but what they wanted; and he might have added that the greatness of the Bible lies in this power to supply the wants, as well as the needs, of every struggling soul. It is this quality of universality that makes up the essence of all scripture and of the best literature. The works of the greatest philosophers are marked by the same trait. The value of their teachings lies not in any special system or theory, but in the principles for which they stood.

This distinction between principles and ideas is fundamental in the estimate of any great mind or movement, and should always be kept in mind. Ideas come and go, are the product of their age or clime, serve their day and disappear; but principles remain the same to-day and always. They are the vitalizing forces of character and human progress, as air and sunlight are of the material earth. Evolution is the name of the new, all-embracing principle, which makes the date of its discovery second in importance to no other. Herbert Spencer is not so much the discoverer, since that fame must be shared with Darwin and others, as the formulator and chief expositor of this principle. Through the industrious study of a lifetime he

has applied it to the elucidation of the entire world of physical and mental phenomena. The author of "First Principles" thus justly holds his place among the great thought-leaders of the race. It is to him, more than to its discoverer, even, that we owe our present knowledge of the principle of evolution, a principle that has revolutionized thought and given new impulse to the practical activities of men. This new doctrine has been enthusiastically received by its adherents, and as severely condemned by its critics. Even among those who have accepted it, all manner of conclusions are deduced, hopeful and unhopeful, wise and foolish, abusive and flattering. These varying opinions may be reduced to two main divisions, known in the scientific parlance of the day as the optimistic and the pessimistic. In the first we are presented with an Arcadian dream of continuous, easy progress, while in the other we read nothing but a tale of repeated trial and disaster. Between these two extremes is middle ground, occupied by a small but important class who, adopting the conclusions of neither optimist nor pessimist, strive to combine and reconcile the truth in each, and who may be described with the term George Eliot applied to herself—meliorist. Each of these views finds some basis of support in the teachings of that philosophy it claims fully to represent, the scope and depth of which are proved by this very variety of interpretation of which it is capable. We return to the point from which we set out, that every new thought or principle must take the shape of the mind that receives it. Truth is too large to be held in the cup of a single human intellect, but continually overflows and supplies some measure of nutriment to other minds fashioned on a different pattern.

The more we learn of nature the more clearly we see she wastes nothing. It is only when we look at her from too near a point of view that she seems to; but we must remember what Emerson says, that "remote ends are in accomplishment," "We can point nowhere to anything final," he adds, "but tendency appears on all hands. All theories fail which attempt to measure nature by a single end, even when that single end is man. To all such questioning nature replies, 'I grow.'"

Most modern pessimism has its origin in a narrow personal selfishness that measures the worth of the universe by the satisfaction of its own desires. The study of evolution corrects this habit, teaches us to look outside ourselves, to throw ourselves abreast the stream of time, to work with and for "the eternal years." There is a certain loneliness, sometimes, in this vastness of view, a sense of loss and desolation; but another effect follows, the uplifting of the spirit into the regions of boundless faith and hope. The immensity of the universe becomes the sign of a divine purpose as wide and all-embracing as itself. We glory to be a part of such greatness, and because of that boon, alone, learn to trust and to renew our courage for the future.

C. P. W.

The Mabel Tainter Memorial.

The Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies held its summer session at Menomonie July 3 to 6, in the new Mabel Tainter Memorial Building just completed. The programme of the conference was made up as usual of papers, sermons and discussions from ministers and laymen of the state, reinforced by T. B. Forbush, J. Ll. Jones, J. R. Effinger, of Chicago; T. J. Valentine, S. W. Sample, of Minnesota, and Mila F. Tupper, of Indiana. The hospitality of the citizens of Menomonie, regardless of church belongings, was heartily extended to delegates,

and the reception and supper given by the ladies of the Unitarian Society to the members and friends of the conference, in the social room of the Memorial building, was a delightful occasion.

An hour of the first forenoon was set apart as a special service in memory of Prof. W. F. Allen, whose presence and participation had added so much to previous sessions of the conference. Chadwick's hymn, 160 Unity Hymns and Chorals, beginning,

"It singeth low in every heart," was sung, and feeling addresses were made by H. M. Lewis, J. H. Crooker, and H. D. Maxson, expressing the common sense of bereavement and sorrow. The loss of so good and strong a man as Prof. Allen is widely felt. A sunny, courageous, yet modest and gentle spirit, he was always at the post of duty and one of the main props of the Unitarian work in Wisconsin. The friends who were at the Helena Valley Grove Meeting last summer will recall his genial presence and his hearty interest in all the proceedings, and will unite in deep regret that the recurring August gathering will not bring him visible to their midst.

It was truly a memorial conference, since the immediate occasion of its meeting at this time and place was the formal opening of the Mabel Tainter Memorial Building and its transfer to a corporation for the use of the Unitarian Society of Menomonie. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Maxson, in behalf of Captain and Mrs. Andrew Tainter, donors of the building. S. W. Hunt responded in behalf of the Mabel Tainter Library and Educational Society, and an address on "The Task of the Modern Church" was delivered by J. H. Crooker, of Madison. Hymns and anthems led by the organ with orchestral accompaniment, alternated with the addresses, making the occasion a most impressive one to the large audience which filled every seat.

Captain Tainter is a wealthy lumberman who, having been attracted by Mr. Maxson's preaching and having found in Unitarianism the faith most congenial to his mind and heart, has erected this noble building at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars, as a memorial to a beloved daughter who died some four years ago. The building is remarkable not alone for its beauty, but as showing the tender pride and love of father and mother in a daughter who has passed beyond the need of their affectionate ministry. It is remarkable, too, as a gift to the public for the uses of education and culture in one of the smaller Western towns; and its tender for the use, in perpetuity, of the Unitarian Society of Menomonie and its kindred activities, is a noteworthy event in the history of Wisconsin Unitarianism. It is also a high tribute to the ability and usefulness of Henry Doty Maxson, under whose ministry the Unitarian church of Menomonie has been organized.

Unitarianism in the West, especially outside the larger centers of population, is so accustomed to struggle, to the winning of its home only at the cost of hard work and severe self-denial on the part of its supporters, that one cannot help wondering what will be the effect of this magnificent gift. Surely this splendid recognition of the value of a Unitarian church, this expression of confidence in it, on the part of a business man, as an educating and uplifting power, ought to stimulate us all to renewed activity and courage in pushing forward our work.

The building is so admirable in arrangement, and is furnished and decorated with such exquisite taste that it would be difficult to suggest any addition to its completeness. The audience-room, when lighted in the evening, seems to a Chicagoan like a

section of the great Auditorium itself, only even more sumptuous than that. The following description of it, condensed from local papers, will be of interest to UNITY readers:

It is a massive structure, 80x90 feet, built entirely of Dunnville sandstone, of a dark cream color, quarried not far from Menomonie. A handsome memorial window, composed of four sections, adorns the front of the building, on which is inscribed the name and date of birth and death of Mabel Tainter. A double window of elaborate and beautiful design on the west side is reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Tainter, with the panels for inscription left blank. The seating capacity of the main auditorium is about five hundred. It is furnished with a stage, equipped with all the scenery demanded by the modern drama. It is a marvel of beauty. The decorations are of Moorish pattern, old-gold largely predominating in the coloring. The draperies below are blue, and above, terra cotta. There are four proscenium boxes, two accessible from the first floor, and two from the gallery. Busts of Emerson and Sumner, fresh from the studio of Sydney Morse, of Chicago, look down upon you from appropriate niches. The entire floor is carpeted with old-gold plush carpet, and the stained glass windows are draped in damask silk.

The Mabel Tainter Memorial Building is a great trust to the Unitarians of Menomonie and of Wisconsin. It will stand for generations as a monument of parental love, of generous public spirit and sincere moral endeavor. Let it also stand as a monument of the breadth, the inclusiveness, the ethical value and the missionary power of the Unitarian faith. J. R. E.

Men and Things.

ANNA B. MCMAHAN, who is a regular contributor to that excellent periodical the *Dial*, has a very interesting review of "Charles Darwin's Journal" in the July number.

THE countess of Tolstoy is a tall, beautiful woman, and very fond of society. She was in London lately as a delegate to the Liberal Woman's Federation. There is nothing about her to suggest that marriage is the failure that the old count depicts it.

PRESIDENT SEELVE, so long and honorably associated with Amherst College, handed in his resignation at the end of the college year, to take effect as soon as possible. Amherst received \$115,000 in gifts the past year.

THE last number of the *New Ideal* includes the issues of July and August in one, and devotes almost its entire space to the reports of the late Free Religious Anniversaries, giving its readers twice the usual amount of reading matter, and of the very best quality.

THE appointment of Miss Mary Burt to the Board of Education in this city is very gratifying to all interested in the proper and intelligent management of our public schools. Miss Burt has resigned her position at the Cook County Normal and will be able to give ample time to the discharge of her new duties.

THE HILLSIDE SCHOOL catalogue for the year just closed lies before us in dainty form. It shows an aggregate attendance of sixty-one pupils; twenty-seven home pupils, twenty-five day pupils and nine in the Kindergarten and primary training department. Copies of this catalogue can be obtained by addressing the Lloyd-Jones sisters, Hillside, Wisconsin.

REV. H. C. PARKER, of Woburn, Mass., one of whose sermons is published in the present issue, lately gave a discourse on the labor question in which he advocated the reduction of the number of working hours to six. He does not wish to see this brought about by violent means, but believes it will be a natural evolution along the line of decreasing manual toil for mankind, and increasing opportunity and desire for the higher life of mind and spirit.

MRS. E. N. CONGER, the efficient president of the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, together with her kinswoman, Miss Marie Wilcox, has opened an art studio at rooms 76 and 77, 243 State street. Miss Wilcox gives lessons in oil, water color, India ink and drawing; and Mrs. Conger in china painting and other pottery decorations. A recent visit to the studio delighted our eyes with many pretty things. For a moment we were tempted to take to tea-drinking in order to enjoy the privilege of handling one of Mrs. Conger's "Forget-me-not" cups. We commend our readers to the graces and the efficiencies of this studio.

Contributed and Selected.**Judgment Day.**

Dies iræ, dies illa!
Not a sign is in the air,
Never trumpet gives the warning,
Sudden crash nor wailing prayer.
Earth lies fair in summer sunshine,
Children's voices laugh in play;
Yet, with thrill of strange awaking,
Knows a soul its judgment day.

Dies iræ, dies illa!
Yesterday is passed and dead;
Memories of joy and sorrow,
All the longing, all the dread;
Sense of wrong and useless waiting,
Dreams the heart would fain disown,
Love that only knew denial,
Hope that lived on hope alone.

Dies iræ, dies illa!
All the strife and ache and pain
Vanish in the awful silence—
Balancing of loss and gain.
What is now the world's approval,
Life's attainment, life's disgrace?
In the stillness of the judgment
Soul and God are face to face.

—Emma Endicott Marean.

Spinoza.

Spain has been called the Paradise of the Jews, and certainly throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Jew, persecuted throughout Christendom, found a sympathy for his religion, and a legal protection in Spain.

In the sixteenth century those zealous sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, who are responsible for the expulsion of the Moors, and the establishment of the Spanish Inquisition, commissioned Torquemada and his *confrères* to make, by such persuasive means as the rack, banishment, and the stake, good Catholics out of all the Jews. This persecution continued, with a monotony of tyranny, under the rule of the three Philips. To the hunted Spanish heretic the north wind brought a message of a land where the decree had gone forth that "every citizen should remain free in his religion, and that no man should be molested or questioned on the subject of divine worship." Among these young Spanish Jews fleeing, by ship, to the newly-emancipated Netherlands, was the father of Baruch Spinoza, now known chiefly by that fact.

The house in Amsterdam, where Spinoza was born, November 24, 1632, may still be seen. Here in a home, presumably that of a tradesman, he led the simple, restricted life of a Jewish child. Beyond the life of the home and the synagogue was the Jewish High School where Spinoza received his early training under the senior rabbi, and soon became the most prominent pupil. Under his teaching he became familiar with the Talmud, and with what was more conducive to his own development, the writings of certain Jewish philosophers. The curriculum of even the higher Jewish schools did not include Greek or Latin. The latter was the universal language used by the writers of that era, and the young Spinoza, eager to possess this key of knowledge, after mastering the rudiments, resorted to a physician, Franz Van den Ende, who eked out an income by taking pupils, and who agreed to help the youth acquire the language, in return for assistance rendered in his school; by which arrangement Spinoza became a resident-usher in his master's house. Van den Ende was a scientific materialist without theology, and though undoubtedly a man of parts, he was an indiscreet and erratic character, and had acquired a reputation of instilling atheistic notions into the heads of his pupils along with the Latin he taught them. Whether or no Spinoza imbibed any of his master's reprehensible ideas, he attained his desire, and learned from him to use Latin with correctness, facility and force.

The sole romance of Spinoza's colorless life is connected with the Van den

Ende household. The physician had an only daughter, who was not only fair but talented. She was proficient in music and understood Latin, teaching her father's pupils in his absence. It was a foregone conclusion that the simple, unsophisticated student should fall in love with his beautiful instructor, but alas! the fair Clara Maria did not appreciate the value of modest merit, even though she detected the undeveloped genius. During these same years that Spinoza was pursuing his studies with Van den Ende, he was drawn by strong feeling into friendships with some of the obscure Christians of the city; the simple charm of whose piety, truthfulness and charity affected deeply his moral and religious nature, and had a direct influence upon his change of faith.

The mastery of Latin opened up the whole world of modern philosophy and science; the young student devoted himself to these new pursuits and gave up all thought of divinity, being seldom seen at the synagogue, and soon not at all. The jealousy of the Jewish authorities was aroused, and, anxious to retain so promising an adherent, at the same time avoid public scandal, he was offered a yearly pension of 1,000 florins if he would outwardly conform, and appear now and then in the synagogue. Such deliberate hypocrisy was abhorrent to Spinoza's nature; threats proved equally unavailing, and in July 27, at the age of twenty-four, the curse of the synagogue was pronounced upon him, he was cut off from the commonwealth of Israel, and through the influence of the rabbis was exiled from Amsterdam.

Before the publication of this amiable document he had been forced, for the safety of his life, to leave Amsterdam. Some intolerable zealot, thinking a dagger would work more quickly than a curse, struck at him in public, the dagger fortunately piercing only his mantle; upon this warning he took up his abode with a friend a few miles out of the city. Here he lived for five years, of which little is recorded save that he earned a livelihood by the work of an optician, that of grinding and polishing lenses.

He became the leader of a little band of Armenians, called "Cartesians," chiefly medical students, or practitioners, including his subsequent correspondents, Simon de Vries and Dr. John Bresser, with Meyer, the editor of his posthumous works. Two succeeding years were spent at Rijnsburg, which, though uneventful, were probably the most fruitful in his mental history, as in this interval his speculative system was wrought out in its full proportion in his mind. The band of young disciples at Amsterdam would not allow his removal to sever their connection with him, and from a letter of Simon de Vries we learn that Spinoza sent them from time to time sections of his "Ethics" as they were written; and at the meetings of the society, each member in turn read the newest manuscript, interpreting it according to his understanding, perplexing differences being referred to the master for solution.

In 1663 we find Spinoza settled at Vowburg, within two miles of the Hague, possibly to be near powerful protectors, like the brothers De Witt and John, being near the climax of his power. His famous "Ethics" had been finished, but was put aside, and four years' work given to the "Theologico Political Treatise," which was published anonymously in 1670. It occasioned much excitement, both of admiration and antipathy, and encountered the fate its author had contemplated with dread, condemnation by the synod and proscription by the States General. Having concluded his two great literary projects, Spinoza left the seclusion of Vowburg for the advantages of a city life. Here in the

Hague was spent the last five and a half years of his life. It was the somber life of a recluse; he seldom quitted his rooms, at times not for months together. He declined all social visits, though he received graciously all who were entitled to seek him, his reputation bringing to him many visitors from foreign lands. Among the persons of influence whom his reputation attracted was the Elector Palatine who offered him in 1673 a position as Professor in the Philosophic Faculty in his University at Heidelberg, imposing no restrictions on his liberty of teaching, beyond the understanding that he would not use it to disturb the established religion. Spinoza, shrinking from the loss of his lonely freedom and the risks of an indefinite obligation, conscious that his gift was rather for the advancement than the teaching of philosophy, declined the honor, and avowed his resolve not to quit his tranquil life.

From necessity his domestic affairs were managed with the utmost frugality. After the murder of John de Witt his heirs disputed Spinoza's continued right to the small pension he had received. Rather than retain a benefaction by a quarrel he surrendered his just claim. The litigants were so struck by this forbearance that what they denied to justice they yielded to admiration; the allowance was regularly paid and was his chief dependence during his remaining years.

Inheriting a delicate constitution, and a southern temperament, ill fitted for the amphibious life amid Holland marshes and fogs, Spinoza fell an easy prey to consumption. For a year or more there were signs of enfeebled strength and failing health, then his lonely life closed suddenly, and in solitude at the early age of forty-four. Spinoza's character was singularly blameless, kindly and disinterested, with charming affability of manner, and sweetness of temper. A man who made no enemies except by his opinions, who accepted his exiled position without boast of martyrdom or complaint of wrong! The great patience and equanimity he exhibited seemed to be the result of an intellectual acquiescence in destiny.

The great work of his life was his "Ethics," published after his death. Glory did not find him out in his short life, but in spite of hostility, of disparagement, of detraction, Spinoza's name has silently risen in importance. Matthew Arnold says of him: "The man and his work have attracted a steadily increasing notice, and bid fair to become soon, what they deserve to become—in the history of modern philosophy, the central point of interest."

MARY L. TALBOT.

The Study Table.

The Master of the Magicians. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There are but few great historical novels, and the above will, we fear, not be ranked among them. "The Master of the Magician" is, however, an interesting tale, well told, romantic in some parts, and as realistic in others. Presumably, Mr. Ward's part in this work is that of collaborator, and yet the evidences that all the literary design and finish of the story are Miss Phelps', are not strong. We note a sensible modification of her usual style, which is more intense and picturesque in her individual writings, but, on the other hand, not so even and restrained as here. Half of the interest in the works of the author of "The Gates Ajar" arises from the marked individuality, both of her thought and style, and, therefore, though "The Master of the Magician" is doubtless a better piece of work for the modifications imposed in the double authorship, we confess to care less for it than for any other work of Miss

Phelps. The picture of Daniel is a very lofty and beautiful one; the imagination is charmed on every page with descriptions of the rich, luxurious type of civilization set forth in the period of Babylon's greatest prosperity; the portraits of Lalitha and Susa are very charming, but an air of unreality hangs over the entire narrative. Plainly, the writer whose task it was to weave these characters and incidents of a remote age into some semblance of natural life, could not become possessed by her subject. She treats it always from the outside. Her touch is not unsympathetic, but neither is it wholly sure and loving, as the artist's must be who wholly believes in his work and lives only to accomplish it. Notwithstanding, "The Master of the Magician" is a commendable piece of work and well worth reading.

Transplanted. By Fannie E. Newberry. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school & Publishing Society.

We have in the above a juvenile story of unusual interest and merit. Mrs. Newberry has been an industrious writer for children's periodicals several years, but we believe this is her first long story. The plot deals with the fortunes of a little cast-a-way called Jack. This is the masculinized nickname of the little girl whose mother has named her Jacqueline. Left motherless and penniless at an early age she falls into evil hands, from which she is rescued only by the disgrace of an arrest and imprisonment for theft, followed by a merciful sentence that banishes her to a Reform School, where, after a short period of untamed naughtiness, she yields to the helpful influences surrounding her, and develops into a type of true, strong and loving young womanhood. Some of the later incidents in Jacqueline's career partake a little of the romantic, but keep within range of the possible, and therefore merit no severe criticism. "Transplanted" is a good, wholesome story for the girls and boys.

A Short History of Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The author of this work tells us it was first written to meet his own needs and with no thought of pushing its fortunes farther than to have it published for the benefit of tourists in the country of which it treats. The material for the book was collated during a residence of eighteen months in the Mexican capital, and consists of old Spanish documents, printed and in manuscript. Though intended to serve only the purposes of a short history, it covers the entire ground from the rise and development of the Tenochtitlan and Aztec confederacy to the fall of the second empire and the re-establishment of the second republic. The chapters of special interest are those that treat of later times, the exciting events under the reign of Juarez, the French invasion, etc. The work is well planned, written in an entertaining style and accompanied with a good index. It will not be out of place on the shelf with Prescott.

THE name of Giles B. Stebbins is well-known to liberals throughout the country, and his numerous friends will be glad to know that he is about to publish, through the John W. Lovell Company, a history of his life, which he calls "Upward of Seventy Years." Mr. Stebbins has been actively engaged in the work of social reform all his life, having been prominently identified with the anti-slavery struggle. He is an earnest spiritualist, an industrious student and a man whose gentle and upright character commands the respect of all who know him. The autobiography will be published in September. Price \$1.25. Address orders to the publisher.

Church Door Pulpit.

Faith on the Earth.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH,
WOBURN, MASS., MAY 18TH, 1890, BY REV. H. C.
PARKER.

Published by the Congregation.

When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"—Luke xviii:8.

Were the Son of Man to come to us with this somewhat mournful and doubting question on his lips, what answer should we make to him? Many, doubtless, would be ready to assure him that the day of religion is done, that the sun has fallen from the sky, that the stars are disappearing, one by one, in rapid succession from the firmament, and soon only gross darkness will fill the whole circle of the heavens. The opinion is certainly very common that faith is diminishing; even those who count themselves believers, *par excellence*, are positive in nothing more than in their belief that the world is not so religious now as it was eighteen hundred or one thousand years ago. It is the purpose of my sermon this morning to call your attention to the fact, for fact I believe it to be, that genuine religious faith is more firm and more abundant now than ever before. I believe if the Son of man were to come to-day he would uncover his head in joyful surprise at the greatness of the quantity and the fineness of the quality of the faith he would find on earth. He would not find people believing the same things that were believed eighteen hundred years ago. He would not find them believing many things which he himself believed and taught when he walked in Jewry and gathered his disciples to proclaim his glad tidings to the world. I do not suppose that there is a man or a woman on earth who believes precisely what Jesus believed when he was on earth. And if to be a Christian it is necessary to believe as he did, I think it is perfectly safe to say that there is not a Christian left in all Christendom. Henry Ward Beecher said that he believed just what John Calvin believed, that is, "I believe just what John Calvin would believe if he lived in our day and believed as I think he ought to." It is much in the same way that Christians of every name believe what Jesus believed. While nearly all profess to hold his creed, I have never found a man or woman having, for example, the same idea of hell that he had, that is, a belief in a subterranean cavern—a dark, dismal, sunless abode of disembodied spirits down under the crust of the earth. Geology has rendered that belief quite impossible to any mind of ordinary intelligence. I can not think that there are any Christians in Christendom to-day that have the same idea of demoniacal possession that he held and taught. How many men, how many women do you suppose there are in this city who believe in evil spirits as personalities, real beings, that can be driven out of men into swine, and by drowning the swine can themselves be drowned in the sea? How many are there, think you, that hold his doctrine of non-resistance to evil? Tolstoi is about the only disciple he has in this part of his creed in this age. And I hear that he has of late so far weakened in his religious convictions as to return again to novel-writing, a work he deemed sinful at one time. And it may be that he would now defend, with physical force, a helpless woman, assaulted by ruffians, if the opportunity were given him. How many have the same thought that Jesus had in regard to riches and poverty, or in regard to the nature and cure of disease, or in regard to the end of the world and the future life? So far as we can judge of his doctrines by the New Testament we may say without the slightest hesitation that there is probably not a person in all

Christendom who holds in its entirety the creed of Jesus. So that if he were to come seeking only those who have faith in his particular beliefs or doctrines he would find himself quite alone in the world. Every student of ecclesiastical history knows that Christian doctrine has never been the same in any two centuries, epochs, or ages. It has ever been changing to suit the changing life and mind of believers. The creeds of one century may read the same as those of another, and all may profess to gather the substance of their doctrine from the same Bible; but who does not know that creeds and bibles are subject to the ever varying interpretations of different minds, and that the heresies of one age becomes the orthodoxies of the next.

Professor Park, of Andover, was reported as saying not long since that the preaching of Channing, Gannett, Dewey and the other Unitarian fathers was more orthodox or evangelical than the average sermon in the Trinitarian Congregational pulpit of New England in these days. And this, if it be true, is a good illustration of change of religious growth within the lines of a church professing to believe a creed that is held to be centuries old.

And in saying that the creed of Christianity is not stable, but ever shifting and changing with the changing life of humanity, I am not detracting from its glory, but rather speaking its highest praise. For it means that it is not a dead trunk, but a living, growing tree. It is no discredit to either Jesus or humanity that there are none in the world to-day that share his particular beliefs. On the contrary, this is the one thing that best proclaims the greatness of the teacher as well as of the taught. "We do not think we ought to be ashamed," said the Polish Unitarians in the preface to their Catechism, "if, in some respects, our Church improves." Suppose it were true that all Christians to-day believe just what Jesus and the Christians of the first century believed, what would that signify but this, that there had been no improvement, no progress in religious thought for eighteen hundred years and more, and that Jesus, instead of coming into the world to aid the spiritual growth of mankind had arrested its development?

He said that he came to give life and that more abundantly. And the only way by which you can have more abundant life is through growth. And to say that a mind grows is to say that it has developed a capacity for thinking higher thoughts, and the holding of larger ideas. In order to make a man of this century believe the creed of the first, have the ideas of God that were cherished then, it would be necessary to divest him of all the knowledge about the universe that has been gained during the eighteen hundred years and more of human study and investigation. You would have to make him forget that he lives in one of the "rural districts" of an infinite universe, that he is the inhabitant of a world that on the map of God is not so large as a mosquito's eye, and make him think that the whole universe is no larger than Europe, if indeed it be as large as that, that the sun and moon are only little balls of fire, placed in the firmament to give light to the earth, that above the firmament are heaven and the throne whereon God sits like an oriental king, trying to establish his government throughout the earth. You must do this for the reason that every man's idea of God, by so much as it is his idea, that is, represents his own thinking, and not what he has acquired by repeating somebody else's words, must in the very nature of things be determined by his knowledge of, or belief about the realm

which God is supposed to rule. We do not, for instance, think that it requires so much intelligence to manage successfully the affairs of a small city as it does to manage wisely the affairs of a state, and not so much for the business of a state as for the business of a nation, and not so much for a single nation as it would to rule, if the dream of the poet were fulfilled and there was but "one parliament of man, the federation of the world." We could not possibly have the same idea of the wisdom, the power, the greatness of a Being that had only Europe to govern that we should of one who must be the Sovereign Ruler of an infinite universe. Religious beliefs can, I say, remain stationary only by keeping the mind stationary. The moment it begins to grow, begins to learn something new, acquire wider knowledge, then beliefs of all kinds must begin to change.

And because in our time there have been great advances in natural science, in knowledge of the universe, necessitating very radical changes in religious thought and belief, there are those who verily believe that faith is dying out of the heart of man. They fear and tremble lest that which has been through the ages the most potent factor in the spiritual life of the race should be permitted to lapse into imbecility or die of utter neglect.

But all their fears arise from the fact, I think, that they are not careful to distinguish between faith and belief, and imagine that there can be no faith apart from the holding of certain particular ideas which have become established in their own minds. Let us for a moment consider the meaning of this noble word that stands for so much in the experience of religious people. If you consult your dictionaries or ecclesiastical histories you will see that it has been made to cover a great variety of thoughts and feelings. But whatever else it has meant, it has always stood for a "trusting disposition of mind," or as Webster gives the primary meaning, "reliance on testimony." It belongs not so much to the realm of criticism and knowledge as to the region of conscience, conviction, feeling. It is not a doctrine or set of doctrines, but the set of the soul in the direction of some purpose which the mind has conceived. It very often happens that the man of faith is a very imperfect believer, while the great believer may be a man of little faith. Paul did not believe many things that the other disciples thought he ought to accept; indeed he discarded so much that had been held sacred by his people, that they found great difficulty in fellowshipping him at all. But which of the other disciples manifested so great faith in what he did believe as this Apostle to the Gentiles? Many a person who can repeat exactly his articles of credence, define them in each particular, recite them with great nimbleness of tongue, fails utterly, by reason of faintness in the heart, weakness in the will, of feebleness in the conscience, to achieve anything serious in the world; while on the other hand, men of very clumsy, contradictory and chaotic ideas, as destitute of logic as a medieval saint, by virtue of an overwhelming power of conviction in their beliefs and purposes, which are moral and spiritual, often carry the multitude before them, fashion the creeds of millions, and fasten ideas on centuries that follow after their death. Mahomet was pre-eminently such a man; so was Swedenborg, and so was Luther. Belief without faith is as dead as faith without works. Wherever you find a man wielding powerful influence over others you will find him strong on the side of conviction. The essence of his power is with his faith rather than with his belief, or his knowledge.

And it is for this reason that so much

of the world's progress is to be accredited to those whom the world has called fanatics. Certain it is that those who have most profoundly and lastingly moved mankind have not as a rule been conspicuously wise men after the world's notion of wisdom; men, that is to say, of sound critical judgment, splendid mental endowment, deep reflection, profound analytical understanding, but they have generally been men of tremendous force of moral conviction, men of faith in broad ideas, men who would rather die than be disloyal to the higher sentiments of the soul. They have been Robert Elsmere, rather than Squire Wenvovers. And this is the kind of faith that makes faithful, and is of most worth in the daily struggles and achievements of humanity. It is, as Luther taught, the kind of faith that justifies a man before his God. And it is this kind that is, I believe, waxing stronger and stronger in the heart and life of humanity, and is more abounding in the world to-day than ever before.

Now the two great objects of religious faith have always been man and God. Let us consider first the trusting disposition of mind as it respects human nature.

Go back but a little way in human history and you find the peoples of the earth divided up into little tribes, communities, petty nationalities, each group distrustful of all others and regarding them as enemies. No one dares venture very far from his own home, fearing lest some fiend in human form may surprise him and despoil him of his poor and benighted soul.

There was no telling when one was safe. Even in the glorious days of Greece and Rome, a man could travel with very little peace of mind. He knew not at what hour he might be overtaken by a band of marauders or banditti who could plunder him or slay him with little fear of being punished for their crime. Scott in the Waverly novels has made us familiar with the kind of life people lived in the days of feudalism and knighthood. And in "Lorna Doone" we have a picture of the kind of life that prevailed in the 17th and 18th centuries, and we do not wonder at the lack of confidence men had in each other then. We know that all through the medieval time, when the Church had the scepter, there was manifest very little confidence in human nature, and the individual life was deemed of little worth. And when Protestantism came to the front, it came declaring that man was conceived in sin and born in iniquity, a fiend by nature, and only fit for the eternal burnings. And the first hundred years or so of Calvinism were especially years of contention, of doubt and strife, of theological bitterness and ecclesiastical war. There were fightings within the church and fightings without, and the life of the people was very largely dominated by the militant spirit.

But the barriers, both natural and artificial that once separated people have for some time been vanishing away. Forests have been filled, rivers bridged, mountains tunneled, the seas made the highways of the world's commerce, while the railroad, the telegraph, the steamship and the canal have brought the nations of the earth together so that they can look into each other's faces and behold a common humanity, a humanity with common interests, common hopes, common feelings and a common destiny. Sectarian walls are crumbling and orthodoxies of every kind and name dissolving, so that mind and heart can utter themselves freely; and those professing one creed can take the hand of those professing another, recognizing still, in spite of all creedal differences a kinship more divine than that of blood, a kinship of hopes,

loves and earnest purpose to find the truth of God and apply it, according to the wisdom each may possess, to the lifting up and perfecting of the life. And as the barriers which separate people give way, so that they may know each other better, they learn to hate less and love more, fear diminishes and faith increases. One can make the circuit of the globe to-day in less time and with less danger than one could go from Athens to Alexandria in the days when Rome sat on her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world. There are not only no human enemies to fear, but traveling has become so safe that hundreds now go around the world every year without encountering the slightest accident. I suppose most of us, it is certainly true in my case, have no more fear when riding in the cars or on a steamship than we have when sitting in our libraries or drawing-rooms at home. And this is because we have confidence in the men who made the roadbeds, smelted the ore and made the rails, who fashioned the locomotive, the steamer, or the cars in all their parts, and in those who have them in charge as they fly on their journey over the earth. Now and then we are startled by some terrible accident, by which many lives are lost, due to the carelessness or incompetency of some workman on the road. Some engineer disobeyed instructions; some conductor forgot to wind his watch or have it properly set; some operator had not sufficient experience, or in haste gave false instructions to train men; some switchman had fallen asleep, or some brakeman faltered in his duty. And as the sad intelligence is flashed over the land and the newspapers describe the event with exaggerated details, the maledictions of the whole country are directed toward the guilty one; and all with one accord turn preacher and begin to deliver homilies upon the sin of human negligence. But when you are thus preaching do you ever stop and think of the amount of faithfulness there is in the railway service of a great country like ours? We have nearly one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railway in the United States, and from all our great cities hundreds of trains daily go in and out. Think of the thousands and thousands of trains running in all directions, in all kinds of weather and at all times of day and night, to which no accident ever happens! Think of the great army of men employed in this service; of the thousands of telegraph operators who do not make mistakes; of the conductors who are always faithful; of the engineers who are always on the alert; of the humble switchmen who always do their duty! Thus millions are carried every year in safety from one end of the land to the other.

If there be a defalcation in Boston, a bank failure in New York, a robbery in Chicago or a murder in San Francisco to-morrow, it will be repeated to you at breakfast the next morning. From all the seventy millions of people, the reporter, like a diligent scavenger, gathers up the crime and gives its full detail, and the telegraph brings all the iniquities from the ends of the world for your daily repast. But as you read this dark record, think of the fidelities and charities, the genuine sacrifices of self and self-interest, the tender ministries of the sick-room, the noble words and deeds of myriad homes that no reporter, no newspaper, no telegraph ever makes mention of, but without which our civilization would be impossible. I have not seen any statistics on the subject, but I imagine that not one thousandth of one per cent of the money that passes through the hands of cashiers or other bank officials is lost through defalcation or any secret thievings. The business of the word is carried forward on the credit system, on trust, i.e., on

faith in human nature, confidence in the general honesty of mankind; and were you to eliminate this element of faith from business there would be such a panic and calamity as the world has never known.

And I say this faith that means faithfulness in the daily life is the kind that glorifies our modern humanity, and is the kind the Son of Man, if he were to look in upon us, would find more abundant on earth now than in any past time. And if he should still prize the thing he seemed to care most for when he taught in the synagogue of Nazareth and in the streets of Jerusalem, or in the Temple thereof, this is precisely the sort he would come seeking for and deem of the greatest worth to the world. And if he were to hold still the lesson of the parable of the Good Samaritan, he would say, There can be but one kind of goodness, but one kind of saving faith; that there is not a religious, a Jewish, a Christian, a Pagan, a Samaritan goodness, and an irreligious, un-Christian, un-Pagan, un-Jewish or un-Samaritan goodness, but rather, always and everywhere, the better the man, the better the saint, the more acceptable the soul at heaven's gate. Should he believe what he taught then and what we think he ought to teach now, he would still say that "sanctity and goodness are identical," and wherever you find the benefactor, the man who in his way and sphere is rendering good and needed service to humanity, showing his faith by his works, there you have the true saint, the religion pure and undefiled before God, no matter what sectarian or anti-sectarian name the doer of the deed may chance to bear. And it is because this is becoming more and more the practical faith of the world that the religious outlook was never more clear or encouraging.

And this trusting disposition of the mind as it turns Godward is also inspiring to contemplate.

A prominent business man who is a sort of a deacon in the church to which he belongs, said to me a while ago, "There is no real faith in God to-day. Think how our fathers believed in God! They did not think of him as a 'stream of tendency in the universe,' 'a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness,' but he was to them a personal God, a Father who cared for them, thought about them, watched over them, and to whom they could look for special favors and blessings. In answer to prayer he wrought changes in their behalf, and out of their own experience they could testify to the joy and peace that came of believing in him. They did not worship a mere abstraction, but a God who was a real presence, known and felt, and of whom they could speak as familiarly as of their neighbor or friend. But there is no such real religious trust in God now. There is plenty of talk about him, plenty of discussion about God and science, and God and revelation, and all that, but there is no real faith in him, such as inspired the religious minds of the past." And to this, I say now, as I said to my friend, there is more faith in God to-day than ever before. The growing thought of the world has not put him out of the universe; it has rather revealed the fact that the universe is so full of the divine that you can not put a pin down anywhere without drawing the warm blood of his presence. I grant that beliefs about him are constantly changing, that they are not the same now that they were two thousand or two hundred, or even twenty-five years ago; but the trusting disposition of the mind, which is the real essence of faith, is all the while growing from more to more. Take a single illustration: It is said that because we have ceased to believe in miracles, we have ceased to believe in the Eternal. But

recur for a moment to the dictionary definition of faith, i.e., reliance on testimony. Why is it that the more thinking portion of mankind do not now believe in law-violating miracles? Why, for the reason of their growing faith, their greater reliance on testimony. Suppose some one were to come in upon us here, and tell us that as he was crossing the green yonder, he saw a man rise bodily into the sky and vanish out of sight. He had no balloon, no rope, no Babel-tower, no chariot of fire, but he put up his hands in prayerful gesture, and without any visible assistance ascended into the heavens, what would you say to this? Why, if you considered the man worthy of attention, you would say, the testimony of our total experience and observation is, that the law of gravity rules all. This truth is borne in upon our minds every hour of every day. We read it in the earth beneath, and the stars above, in every line of the earth's history, and it is far more likely that this man has experienced some optical illusion than that the concurrent testimony of the race is to be distrusted. In other words, it is your religious faith, your reliance on the testimony you have respecting God's laws, that compels you to doubt the story. And still more would your faith make you doubt if the story came not from your neighbor, but from some unknown witness who lived two thousand and more years ago; and still more yet, if he told not what he saw himself, but what happened the generation before and had come to him only by the way of hearsay. The Catholic church has very wisely, it seems to me, insisted upon it, that if one be found believing such or similar stories contained in the mythologies of the "heathens," he is to be regarded as a faithless mind, not thoroughly furnished into the kingdom of God. And the only difference between the teaching of the Church and my own thought on this point is, that I make no distinction as to mythologies, but put the Christian in with the rest. For the greater testimony compels us to believe that the mythologies of the different peoples of the world have more in common than in difference, and that there is no good reason for supposing a story to be true in one religion which is clearly seen to be a myth in another. And so I consider that Mrs. Ward was quite right in picturing Robert Elsmere as relinquishing his belief in the miraculous, not through lack of religious faith and zeal, but on the contrary, because of their increase. And I think with another, that faith never showed itself more true to its name than in the fearless confidence with which it is to-day giving up many of its most loved traditions and trusting to that more venerable authority, which has been speaking through the processes of nature and the common sense and reason of mankind, and whose testimony, as we read it further, grows ever more consistent and sure."

Should one come and say that he saw a man suddenly change water into wine, or make a dozen loaves of bread into as many hundred loaves, unless he could show you the new mechanical invention wherewith the thing was consummated, your faith in chemistry and arithmetic would hardly permit you to believe him. You would say chemical laws are too trustworthy and the multiplication table too well tested to be set aside by such a story. And so in every direction. The civilized world never had so firm a trust that the universe of God can be trusted as now; never was there so genuine a faith in the real providence, which cares for every great and every little thing.

The little schemes that men have advocated with too much of the enthusiasm that was born of the notion of sectarian patent rights, are being abandoned by an ever-increasing number.

God is too great, too just, too far-reaching in his providence to be called upon to take sides with a single church in its partisan campaigns. And he is thought to have more important business than that of conducting sectarian prayer-meetings and saving souls, in the technical sense of these words. And to inquire after his will and conform to his law is seen to be more reverent than the giving of advice, or the prayer that would move him to a more faithful performance of his duty. But the thought of God's nearness and goodness is deepening with every increase of knowledge and every new day's experience. And with the psalmist of old we may still sing, "The Lord is my strength and my shield, my heart trusted in him and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise him."

Father, we believe that thou art with us here and now, and always, that this is thy world in which we live, and that from thy care and keeping we can never fall away. However it may fare with our individual beliefs about thee, or our private schemes and purposes, thy law is sure and steadfast, and on it we can rest with calm assurance; and under thy guidance humanity shall work out its salvation and achieve at last full acceptance with thee. We know that thou requirest of us that we be found faithful. May we obey thine eternal commands and so win the crown of life.

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Still to build, and trust again.
- TUES. The little oriole knew not
His song did cheer one human lot.
- WED. The sower said, no care confessing,
"The seed from me, from God the blessing."
- THURS. Leave the distant to God's keeping,
With the nearest do thy best.
- FRI. Danger lies in idly living,
Health in labor freely done.
- SAT. His work well done, God crowneth
one
Who loved his fellow-men.
Original Sayings, and Translations, by S. C. R.

The Popcorn Ball.

They were sound asleep in rows and rings,
All quiet as quiet could be,
But Susie said : " You queer little things
You'll find your feet and you'll find your wings,
To-night when I set you free." Then she opened the door of an airy hall And made them ready to go to the ball.
They had worn their silks out long ago When the summer days were bright, But now, as they danced in the firelight glow, Like drops of rain that are changed to snow, They burst into dazzling white ; And they spread their robes till they filled the hall.
" O see ! " said she, " what a lovely ball ! " They hopped so high and they tripped so true, In the firelight steady and clear, Almost like music it seemed to Sue, " And I think it's a pity," she cried, " don't you ? That they can't possibly hear. You know there was only one ear for them all, And that they lost when they came to the ball."

The pattering ended, the dance was done, And the hall was emptied, too ; But that was not the end of the fun, For Susie invited them, every one, To join a candy-stew. How could they refuse when she pressed them all To stay in her popcorn ball.
Eudora S. Bumstead, in Woman's Tribune.

Stories About Dr. Franklin.

Dr. Franklin wrote the following story, so well known to children of a larger growth, to a favorite nephew :

When I was a child, about seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money, and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me. The impression continued on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, " Don't give too much for the whistle," and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw any one fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, " He pays, indeed," says I, " too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasures of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, " Poor man," says I, " you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle."

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, " Mistaken man," says I, " you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure. You give too much for your whistle."

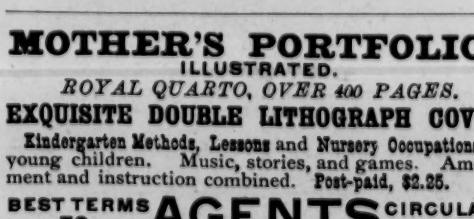
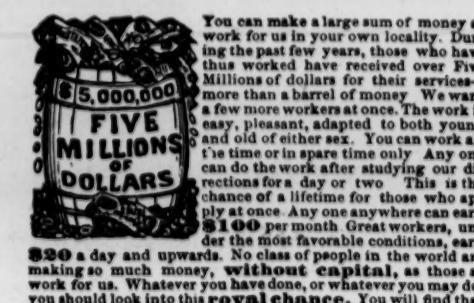
If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison, " Alas," says I, " he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle."

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things and by their giving too much for their whistle.

This anecdote contains much that is suggestive to the modern press :

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. " Why, sir," replied Franklin, " I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of my poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a twopenny loaf, on which, with a mug of cold water, I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my greatcoat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and a mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living ? "

One can not read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts. " Meal, please your majesty, is a halfpenny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing." — *The Home, School and Nation.*

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III. From 8:00 to 9:30 P. M., Popular Science and Unity Club work, Lectures, Readings, and Conversations on Science, Art and Literature Topics.

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REMEMBER that you are not coming to a summer resort where attractions and accommodations are ample and provided for.

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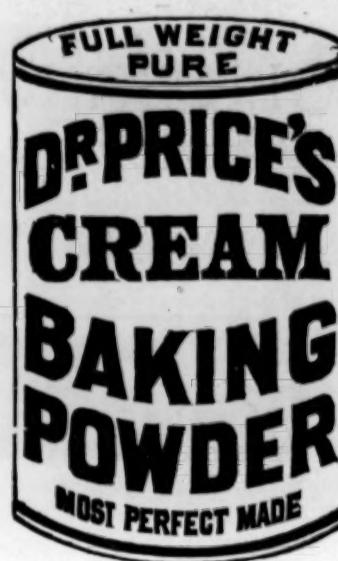
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